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CHICAGO THE WONDERFUL

Has Grown From a Village of Two Hundred to be the Second City on the Continent, and the Fifth in the World in Seventy-five Years--Swept By Epidemics, Overwhelmed By Flood, Devastated By the Greatest Fire in History, It Has Never Hesitated in Its Course, Nor Lost Sight of Its Motto, "I Will."

The theory of the making of the city of Chicago, sounds more like a thousand and second tale told by the queen of dreams Scheherezade, than it does like the history of a nineteenth centry city.

The year 1833 began the good work. Buildings began to go up on all sides. The government started the work of cutting through the sand spit at the mouth of the river in order to give the place a harbor, vissels being obliged to anchor outside and discharge passengers and freight by boat. The first newspaper, the "Chicago Democrat," was established. Five thousand Indians gathered in council on the lake front and formally ceded the lands east of the Mississippi. The future seemed so bright that a local government was felt to be a necessity, and a town organization was effected. The election of the first trustees showed a population of about 228 voters.

Chicago grew like the proverbial green bay tree during its four years of town government—from August 10, 1833, to March 4, 1837, when an act was passed incorporating the place as a city.

The progress of those four years was marvelous. Starting with a population of 200 in 1833 there were nearly 2000 by the fall of 1834. A school census of 1835 showed a population of 3279. The first census taken under the city charter, July 1, 1837, gave 4170.

With its organization as a city Chicago may be said to have fairly entered upon its career. Though it faced a great panic in its very first year, it opened a theater, bought a steam fire engine, built a steamer, and exported its first wheat. The things that every city must have came along in due course of time—a $75,000 fire in '39; permanent establishment of public schools in '40; a city directory in '43; a power press in '45; a port of enfry in '46; a law school and county hospital in '47. In 1848 Chicago began to get in touch with the rest of the world. That year the Illinois and Michigan canal was opened, the first railroad got a few miles out of town in the direction of Galena, and the first telegram arrived (from Milwaukee).

The next year was one to test the nerve and endurance of the thriving little city. The river front, shipping and bridges were wiped out by a flood. There was a second big fire, a third cholera epidemic, and a bank panic. But Chicago had struck her gait and things like these could not even check her. Gas, waterworks, grand opera, the first through train from the East—over the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern—the completion of the main line of the Illinois Central, street cars, a paid fire department, the first swing bridge, and the national convention at which Lincoln was nominated were steps in the development of the city up to 1861.

Nowadays the dividing line between the old Chicago and the new is the great fire. The man who can speak of experiences "before the fire" is a genuine Chicagoan; the citizens who came "after the fire" must have an unusually fine record to offset that handicap. October 7, 8 and 9 in 1871 was the date. The story of those days is too big to be told here; besides, all the world knows it. As to the fire itself, it may be said generally that it probably was started by a cow that kicked over a lamp in a West Side stable, that a drought had made things very dry, that there was a strong wind blowing diagonally across the city, that after the flames got fairly under way they melted "fire proof" buildings in less than five minutes by the watch, that flames broke out blocks ahead of the main fire from the heat, and that nothing even checked it until it had burned to the very waters of Lake Michigan. As to the loss, the accepted figures are that 2124 acres of buildings were burned over, that more than 100,000 persons were left homeless, that 150 lives were lost in the flames, and that the money value of the property destroyed was as follows: On buildings, $52,000,000; on business property exclusive of buildings, $85,000,000; on personal effects, $59,000,000, a total of $196,000,000. There was a salvage of $4,000,000 on material used in rebuilding. On the other hand, the value of real estate was depreciated $88,000,000 and the interruption to business caused a loss of $10,000,000, making a grand total loss of $290,000,000. In fact nearly one-half of the whole property value of the city was destroyed.

Following the fire things were done in a large American way that gives one thrills. The city pledged its credit. The government in the person of General Sheridan declared martial law and rushed tents and army supplies to the spot as fast as wire and train could accomplish it. The whole world put its hand in its pocket and sent more than $7,000,000 in money and supplies to stricken Chicago. In the meantime, almost before the fire had burned itself out Chicago was busy at the work of rebuilding. In two years a new city had arisen from the ruins of the old and a new era in the life of the city had begun. The new Chicago was infinitely a more attractive city, and its unequalled display of public spirit and energy brought to it hundreds of thousands of new citizens from all parts of the world. It grew faster than ever, practically doubling its population of 224,000 in the next decade.

Keeping its hand in by beginning in 1890 work on the Chicago drainage canal—a trifling matter of ten years' work and $35,000,000—Chicago cast about for something that should really test her powers. Her chance came in the World's Columbian exposition. Chicago bid successfully for the World's Fair, and again astonished the world by the beauty of the White City and the completeness of the exhibition itself. The cost of the fair exclusive of the vast sums expended by exhibitors from all parts of the world, was over $38,000,000 and nearly as many visitors passed through its gates. It was a veritable triumph for Chicago. Up to that time no one had doubted the city's wealth, energy and ability to do great things in a material way. But thenceforth the sneer that Chicago was little more than an extended stock yard was heard no more.

In a way the World's Fair is Chicago's climax to date. In the last decade she has kept on growing as usual in population and wealth. Her citizens are busy improving their private property. Business blocks that would be considered palatial in many cities of some considerable importance are now torn down in Chicago to make room for an up-to-date building. Chicago was built in a marsh. She utilized the ruins of the great fire to lift herself out of the mud. Forced by the unstable nature of her foundation to depart from ordinary rules, she invented the "Chicago construction" and gave the sky-scraper to the world. She is now rebuilding the rebuilding that followed the fire. Some day the city itself, as well as her citizens will turn its hand to setting its house in order. Then the world will be astonished again.

Statistics are valuable. Honestly handled figures do not lie, and they are the only things that really tell the whole story. But statistics are dry things in themselves; moreover, the average man loses his sense of proportion when the figures run up to hundreds of millions and billions. So no attempt will be made here to give a long array of figures, convincing as they are. Still some facts may be set forth that are both convincing and interesting. Here are some pertinent paragraphs:

The oldest inhabitant of Chicago was born January 28, 1823, and has just retired from active service in the police department. He has seen the city of his birth grow from a trading post with a population of two white families to a city of 2,231,000—the second of America and the fifth of the world. Alexander Beaubien's experience is unique in history.

Chicago extends for twenty miles along the lake front. It is about ten miles wide. Its area is 191 square miles. The total street mileage is 2798, and the total length of the sewers is 1527 miles.

It requires the service of 16,000 people to transact the city's business. The salary list is $15,000,000. The expenditures of the city for the first three months of 1903 was over $20,000,000.

Chicago has 3192 physicians, 717 trained nurses, 357 undertakers, 922 drug stores and 37 cemeteries, yet its death rate is only 16.2 to the thousand of population.

Twenty thousand manufacturing plants with an invested capital of $600,000,000 pay $200,000,000 yearly in wages and turn out products to the value of $1,000,000,000.

Chicago's first bank was established in 1835. Now fifteen national banks and thirty-six state banks and trust companies, besides private banks, are required to handle the financial business. Last year the clearings of the associated banks amounted to more than eight billion dollars and the balances were over $653,000,000.

Last year were received at Chicago's port of entry over seven million tons of merchandise, on which import duties to the extent of nearly ten million dollars were collected.

Chicago has 780 churches, twenty-nine convents, twenty-one libraries, fifty-eight hospitals, sixty asylums, two univeralties, 292 public schools, 275,000 public school children, and the finest orchestra in the world.

There are 4532 retail groceries 1578 meat markets, 5802 saloons, 290 hotels 630 laundries, 31 theaters, 76 pawn shops, 446 confoctionery stores, 868 apartment houses, and 113 building and loan associations.

Chicago's fire department owns property worth two million dollars. There are 94 engine companies, five fire boat crews, 27 hook and ladder companies, and four hose companies. Last year the firemen saved 144 lives. There were 5125 fires, involving property of the total value of about 113 millions. The loss over insurance war a little over $500,000.

The aesthetic world sneers at Chicago's stock yards. They are, however, the biggest thing of the kind on earth and their products go to all civilized and some savage countries. The shipments of last year were: Dressed beef, 1,049,801,765 pounds; cattle, 909,918; sheep, 831,728; hogs, 1,251,798; dressed pork, 150,615 pounds; lard, 382,498,069 pounds; meat in various forms, 660,869,799 pounds. These figures do not include hides, soap, candles, brushes, curled hair, glue and other products in which the slaughtered beast is utilized to the last paring of his hoofs. It is to be noted that the intelligent visitor always makes it a point to see this marvel of industry.

In fifty years Chicago has grown to be the railroad center of America. There are six depots at which 29 different trunk roads and half a dozen other roads enter. At these depots 1416 trains arrive and depart every twenty-four hours.

The first shipment of grain consisted of 78 bushels of wheat. It was made in 1838, the year of the first grain elevator. The year 1854 saw the first steam elevator and total shipments of 13,000,000 bushels. Chicago is the grain market of the world.

Chicago is one of the greatest ports in the world. Its tonage is 50 per cent greater than that of New York, and nearly as much as that of Baltimore, Boston and New York combined.

Chicago has 17 large parks and many smaller ones. The total area is nearly 2000 acres. Collectively these parks are the finest in the world.

Thus we see from this brief sketch that in two generations Chicago has grown from nothing to the second city of the United States and the fifth city of all the nations; from a portage between two rivers to the railroad center of a continent and one of the greatest ports of the world; from an Indian trading post to the grain and provision market of the globe. A mere infant in age, overgrown and badly governed, none too clean morally or physically, Chicago has nevertheless made glorious history. Democratic and cosmpopolitan, "unkept, disreputable, vast," blatant and yet undisturbed by any caprice of fortune, quick to seize the occasion and flaunting the motto, "I will," Chicago is typical of the tremendous forces of our half-baked American civilization. When Chicago finds herself, as she surely will, who shall limit the future of this city of cities?

A real sunshiny woman came into the News office the other day. She was neither beautiful nor of lofty station, yet she bears an honored name, and her smiles are a natural grace. She paid her subscription with an air so kindly and gentle, with her cheeks a-dimple, that we wondered what good fairy had given her moods so delightful. Would that we had a thousand on our list that could so stir the heart's pulsation.—Lexington (Mich.) News.

LEAVES WEALTH TO WOMAN HE HATED

To become wealthy after living in poverty for years is the peculiar fortune of Mrs. Elizabeth Wright, now of Plymouth, Mass. And the wealth comes from the man who hated her, and whom she despised beyond all beings on earth, P. G. Wright, an eccentric miser of Putnam, Conn.

For 35 years the wife of a poor stonecutter, and on his death compelled to earn her own living by housework and other menial labors; too proud to seek charity from more fortunate relatives and able to perform only the least remunerative labors, she has suffered her full share of hardships.

Mrs. Wright was seen this morning performing the duties of a housekeeper, poorly dressed, but with a smile of hope as she talked of her changed condition and remembered her past trials.

She is now residing at the parish house of the Episcopal church, going out by the day to do housework. She is intelligent and refined, and has won the respect of the good people of Plymouth, who are as much elated at her prospects as the good lady herself.

"To Think of It."

"To think," said Mrs. Wright, "that any good fortune should come to me from my husband's brother. Why, at the funeral of my husband he wouldn't treat me decent and did everything to disgrace his brother's memory."

It was no intention of the eccentric man that any of his money should go to his brother's widow. It all comes about from his dying intestate.

A few weeks ago she began to hear stories of the queer doings of an aged brother of her husband, Peter G. Wright, of Putnam, Conn. Now Peter Wright was the last man in the world she would have gone to for aid. The two brothers were sworn enemies. Queerly enough, on his deathbed it was ascertained that after making the most grotesque preparations for his burial the man had made no disposition of his property.

"If he could have devised any way of taking his money to the grave with him he certainly would," said Mrs. Wright. Putnam is full of the stories of his queer doings in these last months. He had a monument constructed with what was meant to be a likeness of himself. When it was completed the old man declared it looked like a Hottentot Indian. He went at it with a sledge hammer and it soon resembled a football player. It was rebuilt after his own ideas.

The constructed tomb was a magnet that drew a great many visitors. Wright would sit in front of it on fine days and tell reminiscenses to the people that came there to see it. A few weeks ago he sat for his picture, with the tomb as a background. On one occasion Wright held a small party there.

Grave Well Stocked.

He had a grave bricked up to a height of seven feet and used to keep liquors there. When he felt like it he would enter the tomb and proceed to have a debauch.

There was the inevitable love affair in Peter Wright's life. A fair maiden from New Hampshire won his affections. They were never married, although a son survives him who is now about 50 years old.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wright will share his wealth with two sisters, and there may be a contest before she gets her share. P. G. Wright's fortune may be considerably over $200,000. It was said he held a mortgage on half the property of Putnam. He was a tight-fisted, typical old money lender.

His tombstone bears the inscription, "Going, but I Know Not Where." The majority of the residents of Putnam think they know. But they won't tell.

THE BRIDE OF THE PACIFIC

Seattle the Superb, the Commerce of the Pacific is Hers, and the Trade With the Orient Passes Through Her Gates---Live, Energetic, Pushing---Moved Only to Greater Efforts By Apparently Insurmountable Obstacles, Undismayed By Disaster, She Climbs Swiftly to the High Place Destined for Her.

Seattle is sprawling all over herself. The city is extending into Puget Sound one way, and into Lake Washington the other. The streets are all torn up with "improvements," and the latest craze that has struck the town is tunnel the big hills.

No one can go to Seattle without catching the infection, and no one can come away without brighter, better, more hopeful views as to the future of the great Northwest Pacific coast, and of his own outlook on life. Tacoma may be a more homey kind of place. Portland may be solider, financially, and have lower taxes, but Seattle has the "vis, vie vim" that the conjugation class at college knows so well that puts it in a class by itself, and no other town gets into exactly that same class with Seattle for some reason. Seattle certainly has been filled up with a class of the keenest and brightest business men from all the big towns of the East, and their competition with each other, and for commercial supremacy over the Northwest will in time make Seattle the rival or even superior of San Francisco. Will Seattle get a set-back? Possibly, but not likely. Public improvements alone will keep the town growing. Spending two millions a year on streets, sewers, cement walks, water and lighting plant employs laborers, who, in turn build homes, making employment for building trades, and a market for real estate, and the employment of all the idle money that can be found to invest. No panic or depression can stop Seattle or prevent her from remaining the possessor of the proud title of Queen City of the Northwest.

Seattle has many Chicagoesque effects—overhung with clouds of black smoke, towering groups of tall buildings screechings of steamers and trains and factories at all hours of the day and night, rush, disorder, black mud, weltering masses of humanity, hanging like flies on the street cars, tearing about on the perpetual rush, clanking of cable cars, continuous carfares, and sturdy, rushing class of people with a determined, get-there expression on their faces, that one sees only in Chicago or Kansas City.

Only two things are cheap at Seattle and those are meals and lodging. You can get abetter meal and a better room there for the money than you can at Portland. Two of us had enough served us for two-bits apiece, at several restaurants, for five men to eat, but the average Seattleite gets away with it all. The travel from Alaska is immense and people bring appetites back with them that are of the kind the Esquimaux develop.

Seattle real estate men are about as good liars as the average, but property advances over night even beyond the limits of their gutta percha imagination. The owner of business property no more than gets over the effect of one tearing up, when a new "improvement" is ordered.

If you buy real estate, pay something down, take a receipt for payment of part of the purchase price under contract, and then watch your man with a gun and the property with a sheriff. Will Gray, of Salem, bought, or thought he had bought Seattle business property to put up a warehouse. Between two days the agent jumped it up $6000, and Gray was surprised that he come as near buying it as he did. Between street improvements, grading down hills, laying new street car lines, business men have a precarious existence.

All street work is very expensive. It takes four heavy horses, or two medium horses and three mules to haul building material, coal, gravel or lumber to almost any part of the city, and they are never sure to get there in one day.

Seattle is a paradise for common labor, for mechanics, teamsters and building trades. Expansion in every direction is the order of the day. Every trade is unionized, and hours grow shorter and pay grows higher.

Family supplies are dear. Potatoes $1.25 a sack. Eggs 40 to 50 cents a pound. Meats in proportion. Hired girls get $20 to $30 a month, according to ability. The plumbers get salaries like bank presidents in Oregon.

Jacob Furth, a deep-dyed Hebrew, runs the town. He owns the Seattle electric light and power and street and cable plant, runs a bank, owns stacks of property and business men, and controls a thousand men's votes on election day.

In the newspaper field the Post-Intelligencer is still the Republican organ, but has not been a newspapoe since Ted Piper left it. The Blethens run the Times—a Democratic paper, edited by Republicans, who stand solid with the Humes city graft, and graft about $20,000 a year out of the city printing. A judge has decided that a little Seattle real estate daily is a newspaper, and eligible to bid, and the Blethen graft is cut. But the old man is a fighter. The decision was rendered one day, and the next morning Blethen came out with a duplicate of the real estate paper, cutting its price from $1.00 a month to 25 cents, to drive it out of business. He cut his own price on city printing from 50 cents an inch to five cents, and threatened by all that's holy and sacred and righteous to drive the publishers of the little real estate paper out of business and to retire the Seattle judge who dared render that decision into oblivion.

Such is the disposition to live and let live the world over, and especially as manifested at times by the high-minded molders of public opinion. The Star is a Scripps News Association daily, and has built up rapidly under E. F. Chase, who is establishing a similar paper at Tacoma.

The Star prints four editions daily, takes no printing graft, runs no medical ads, and is owned by no corporation. It is letting in the daylight on the Seattle political machine. Only last week it showed up $6000 of uncollected paving contractors' fines. It employed an expert and exposed adulterations of milk that brought it two libel suits, but reduced the death rate of infants from milk-poisoning from about 50 a month to almost none. The Star does things, and then talks about them afterwards.

Has Seattle a graft? What city has not? The Seattle graft is cold cash, and, while it might be hard to put your finger on a particular individual case, the thing exists to the extent of from $300,000 to $500,000 per annum, just the same.

The boast of low taxes and clean, honest business administration is a myth. Taxes have gone up in three years from 8 to 12½ mills for city purposes, estimated revenues from $500,000 in 1901 to $2,220,000 in 1903, while valuations have increased from $49,000,000 to $52,000,000 in three years and population from 8,000 to 120,000 since the 1900 census. Seattle is bound to be an asphalt town in all the residence parts, the heavy traffic downtown streets being laid with brick. The residence streets are nicely parked, cement walks and curbs, brick gutters and Alcatraz asphalt roadways, 30 to 40 feet wide—no big trees. With high percent grades and little or no hauling from the country, these streets are practically permanent and dustless. The city bears about one fourth the expense of paving.

"If I had the Willamette valley tributary to this city, I would make it hum," said the traffic manager of the Northern Pacific. But Seattle will be a great city in spite of unfavorable topography, wilderness surroundings and unproductive farming country around it.

In every city there is painful reminding of man's cruelty to animals. Seattle is a very hard town on horses. Streets that are not paved are a quagmire, through which the poor beasts stagger with awful loads. Behind each wagon is dragged a chuck block, to hold the wheel on hills. Thousands of fine horses, large draft

(Continued on page 19.)